

CUT OUT VALENTINE CARDS INSIDE!

Dick

INK!

No. 21

FEBRUARY 7th to 20th 1987

EVERY FORTNIGHT

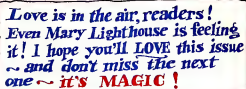
AUSTRALIA \$5.50
NEW ZEALAND \$4.00
U.K. & S.F. \$3.50
MALAYSIA \$1.00

30p



SICKLY SWEET ROMANTIC ISSUE

Every reader mentioned wins a piggy prize!



—Uncle Figg.



This is one of the millions of Valentine messages I received. Sorry I can't go out with all you sumptuous sows, but I'm too busy editing the world's best comic! A pig's gotta do what a pig's gotta do!

Max Stygraves
by Samantha Devito, Ewell.

We will send you the famous old British "Penny Red" issued 1902 showing King Edward VII, plus about 200 guaranteed unscarred used stamps, by weight, on paper, mostly modern S.B. with some foreign (not all different), as received from the Christmas TV and other charities. Many good stamps have been issued regularly in these countries. Just ask for our famous Approval Booklet (no obligation to buy). Just return if not wanted, no cash stamps for reply postage. Please inform your parents.

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**WRITE TO UNCLE
PIGG TO CLAIM
A PIGGY PRIZE!**

PIGS ♡ SWILL! (TRUE!)

WHAT USE IS A HAIRBRUSH TO ME?

I THINK THERE'S BEEN A MIX-UP SOMEWHERE!

HAIR BRUSH! PLEASE GET IT BACK!

WALKS ONE PLACE!

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large, bushy afro hairstyle, wearing a suit and tie. He is depicted in a dynamic, shouting pose with his mouth wide open. A speech bubble next to him contains the text: "Teh! whot 2 revolt story".

FLUTTER!
FLUTTER!

TO TASTE LIKE MUCK!

OINK! Photo – Romance presents

'The Lesson of Love!'

TWO YOUNG LOVERS WERE OUT WALKING ...

LOOK! A SHOOTING STAR! HOW ROMANTIC!

BUT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

IT LANDED BEHIND THOSE BUSHES!

THERE'S SOMETHING EMERGING!

ERK! A-ALIENS!

CEASE YOUR CHATTER, EARTHINGS!

OUR IMMOBILISO-RAY WILL HOLD YOU STILL!

zap

AAGH! SOME STRANGE FORCE ... PARALYSING US!

WE ARE SCIENTISTS FROM THE PLANET BLING! WE HAVE STUDIED YOUR EARTH ... AND NOTICED THAT YOU THINK SOMETHING CALLED 'LOVE' IS VERY IMPORTANT!

DN BLING, WE DO NOT HAVE 'LOVE' ... BUT WE DO HAVE MIGHTY SCIENTIFIC POWERS!

TAKE THIS Mallet, EARTH GIRL!

WE ARE HERE TO PROVE THAT OUR POWERS PROVIDED BY ZORD-RAYS, ARE GREATER THAN THIS THING YOU CALL 'LOVE'!

NOW, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF OUR POWERS, YOU WILL BUNK YOUR BOYFRIEND ON THE HEAD, THUS PROVING THE WEAKNESS OF THIS THING CALLED 'LOVE'!

M-MUST RESIST THEM!

OUR HYPNOTIC FORCE IS MIGHTIER THAN YOUR LOVE!

N-NO!

TRAPPED BY THE IMMOBILISO-BEAM, THE YOUNG MAN COULD ONLY PLEAD HELPLESSLY ...

DON'T DO IT! DON'T GIVE IN TO THEM! OUR LOVE IS STRONGER THAN THEY REALISE!

SUDDENLY ...

BONK!

I'D RATHER KNOCK MYSELF OUT THAN HARM MY DARLING!

GASP!

WHAT AN ACT OF SELF-SACRIFICE!

YOU HAVE TRULY TAUGHT US THE LESSON OF LOVE, EARTHINGS!

WE NOW REALISE WHAT LOVE IS, AND HOW TO SHOW IT! WE SEE HOW WRONG WE WERE TO BE MERELY SCIENTIFIC AND LOGICAL!

WE WILL RETURN TO OUR OWN WORLD, AND SPREAD THE WORD OF THE POWER OF 'LOVE'!

WHAT A STRANGE EXPERIENCE! BUT WELL WORTH IT!

WROOSH

YES! BECAUSE WE ... TWO ORDINARY PEOPLE ... HAVE TAUGHT THOSE ALIENS A VALUABLE LESSON OF LOVE!

AND, ABOARD THE SPACESHIP

BONK! BINK!

I LOVE YOU, WANGOI!

AND I LOVE YOU, BLONNIK!

THE END

PSYCHO GRAN and GRANDAD in

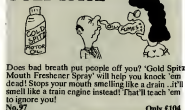
"SAINT VALENTINE'S MASSACRE"
BY DAVID LEACH



G.B.H. (in association with British Rail) presents ...

Romantic Gifts for young lovers

GOLD SPITZ



Does bad breath put people off you? 'Gold Spitz Mouth Freshener Spray' will help you knock 'em dead! Stops your mouth smelling like a drain...it'll smell like a train engine instead! That'll teach 'em to ignore you!

No.97 Only £104

DO-N'T GIVE FATTENING CHOCOLATES!



Do you want to spoil your partner's diet? Send this romantic ex-B.R. cheese sandwiches instead. Guaranteed inedible, so no nasty calories to worry about!

No.123 Only £564

JEWELLERY



Give her this attractive choker for Valentine's Day. Made from 100% metal, with exciting 'rusty sparkle' effect. Engraved with the hallmark of quality manufacturers ('Fish Rail Pattern-Ring Engineering Division'). One size fits all (if you squeeze a bit and hold your breath). This gift will turn her head (blue)!

No.93 Only £1290

COACH-AND-HORSE HIRE

Travel to your wedding in a luxurious antique-style coach, pulled by a luxurious antique-style horse. This impressive carriage can take you to your wedding at Birmingham New Street, Manchester Victoria, Harlepool Central, and many other exotic locations.

No.91 Only £30,000



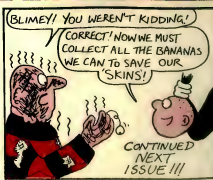
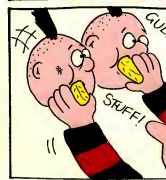
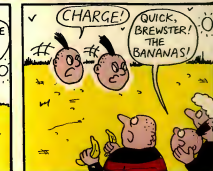
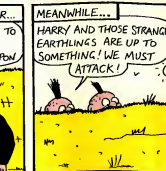
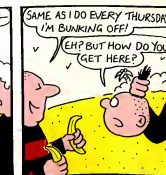
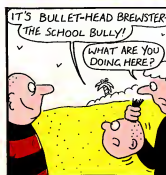
(Phone Runford 1212 for details of our speedy on-platform wedding services).

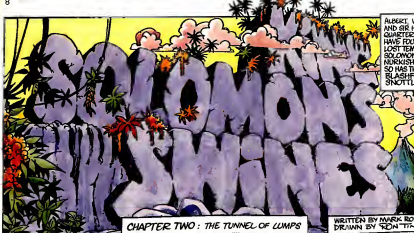
NO NEED TO PAY IN FULL!

Just send us half the cost of the item(s) you want, then do the same every month 'til we tell you to stop. THE G.B.H. EASY CREDIT SYSTEM! (You're so easy to con, we can hardly credit it!)

HARRY THE HEAD'S BIG ADVENTURE!

WHILE PLOTTING TO RID THE WORLD OF PLOMBO MONSTERS (WHO EXPLODE UPON EATING BANANAS), HARRY HAS BEEN UNEXPECTEDLY RE-UNITED WITH BARNEY ON BONIO ISLAND! BUT... DANGER LOOMS!





CHAPTER TWO: THE TUNNEL OF LUMPS

WRITTEN BY MARK RODGERS
DRAWN BY DON THIER



ALBERT, VICTORIA, AND SIR HERBERT QUINTERSTERN HAVE FOUND THE LOST TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE MURDERER, BUT SO HAS THE EVIL BLASPHEMOUS SNOTTLEY...

THOSE VULGAR BOYS SHALL BE MINE! MINE!

YOU UNSPEAKABLE FEN!



FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, DITTOSE OF THEM, THUG!

HAIR HUGER!



THEY CAN JOIN THEIR COMPANION VICTORIA WHO FELL DOWN THAT PIT EARLIER...

SHOVE! KICK!



NOW FILL IN THE PIT, THUGS! WE DON'T WANT THEM ESCAPING!

PURR... BOSS!



I'LL START BY THROWING THESE LOST STATUES ON TOP OF THEM.

SHRIEK!



AND BELOW...

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I SURMISE THAT WE'RE ROLLING DOWN A TUNNEL!

BOUNCE! BOUNCE!



PONK!



THE TEMPLE-MAKERS MUST HAVE PLACED IT AS A SECRET EXIT. OOF!!

LOOK! THERE'S VICTORIA!



GASP! HERE COME THE IDOLS!

THAT FOOL THUG MUST HAVE THROWN THEM AFTER US!



MEANWHILE...

IT'S CREEPY DOWN HERE, BOSS!

STOP WHINING IDIOT! WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THOSE STATUES!



A TUNNEL! THEY MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY.

MEANWHILE AGAIN...

FASCINATING! WE APPEAR TO BE OVERLOOKING A HIDDEN VALLEY!

THESE STATUES ARE AMAZING, UNCLE!



I WONDER WHERE THE TEMPLE BUILDERS GOT THE IDEA FOR SUCH STRANGE CARVINGS!

I-I THINK I CAN GUESS, ALBERT!

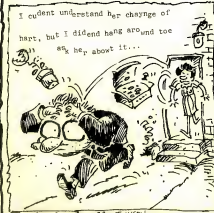
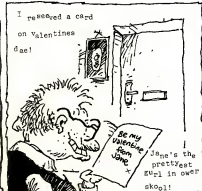


OOOINKK!

GOOD LORD! SWINE-O-SAURS!

WILL OUR HEROES ESCAPE FROM THE DARK VALLEY? WILL SNOTTLEY BE CATCHED UP WITH THEM? FIND OUT BY BUYING THE NEXT ISSUE AND COME ROUND AND BASH YOU!

THE SECRET (Valentine) Diary of Adrian Vile





REPEATED



MULE OF KINTYRE
'McCartney's Unfinished Symphony'

The Mule of Kintyre,
Has eaten my undies,
The Mule of Kintyre,
Has eaten my car.

The Mule of Kintyre,
Has cost me a fortune.
The Mule of Kintyre,
Is going too far.

The Mule of Kintyre,
Is eating my left leg,
The Mule of Kintyre,
Is eating my head.

The Mule of Kintyre,
Is eating my body.
The Mule of Kintyre,
Is eating my eeeeee!

YESTERDAY

Yesterday, all my gerbils seemed so far away,
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,
My gerbils doing a pooch in the cat's tray.

Suddenly, there's not half the gerbils there used to be,
The cat's eaten two or three,
The other gerbils are blaming me.

Why they had to go I don't know they wouldn't say,
The cat did something wrong,
And the gerbils ran away ay ay ay

Yesterday, my cat seemed so far away,
Now it looks as though he's here to stay,
'Cause he's eaten the gerbils and is too fat to go astray.

IT'S A BEE

When I got stung this morning,
My mum came running up to me,
'Oh you poor little beggar,
'It's a bee, it's a bee.

'It's a bee, it's a bee.
'It's a bee, it's a bee.
'Oh you poor little beggar,
'It's a bee, it's a bee.

So I went down to the doctor's,
He stuck a needle into me,
'I cried out in horror,
'I'd rather have a bee.

'Rather a bee, rather a bee,
'Rather a bee, rather a bee,
'I cried out in horror,
'I'd rather have a bee.'

ZOOTOWN...

WHEN YOU SAID BRING A FRIEND,
I DIDN'T REALISE IT WAS BECAUSE
YOU WERE HUNGRY!



KISSING YOU GOES
RIGHT TO MY HEAD!



OINK'S VERY OWN CUT-OUT VALENTINE CARDS

YOU'RE SO UGLY YOU MAKE
HORACE LOOK HANDSOME!



LOTS OF LOVE, WITH ALL MY
HEART!



I'M COMPLETELY MENTAL
OVER YOU!



Iy dohnt narmully lyk
gurlz butt, u ar' O.K.
'coz u ar moor lyk a
bouy



YOU ARE MY TYPE OF GIRL-
VERY SMELLY!

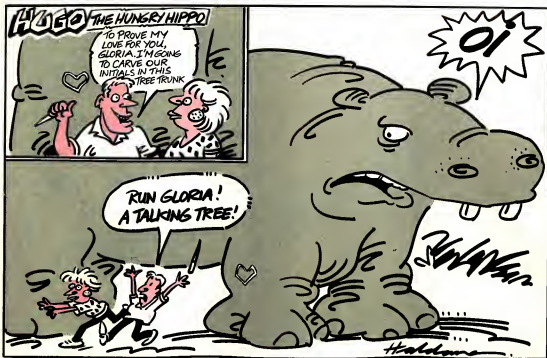


YOU'RE SO SWEET I COULD
EAT YOU!



SHE LOVES ME...
SHE LOVES ME NOT.
SHE LOVES ME...





KATHY AND KLOD'S ADVICE FOR THE LOVE-LORN

HE FANCIES ME

My sister's boyfriend keeps chasing me up and asking me out. I think I'm falling for him. What should I do?

Miserable, Kent.

KATHY: Don't be hasty. You should sit down and discuss this with them both. I'm sure you'll find a reasonable solution by talking about it, and...

KLOD: You're joking! The only language he'll understand is a kick up the backside! (the two flailing rat)

KATHY: Look, I was answering that problem...

KLOD: Shut it, merr-doo. There's another one coming up...



IFANCY HIM

I'm in love with a boy I met at the local Bar-Wigging Club, but I'm too shy to tell him. What can I do?

—Depressed, Berks.

KLOD: Hahahaha! Try learning semaphore so you can spell out 'I love you' by wiggling your ears!

Heeheehehe!

KATHY: Take no notice of that insensitive twit. Your problem is serious...

KLOD: Seriously stupid! Hahaha! Pity we've no room left to answer it!



THEY FANCY EACH OTHER

I've seen my boyfriend and my best mate holding hands. What should I do?

—Tearful, Poole

KLOD: Whose hands were they holding? The postman's? The vicar's? How can we answer your problems when we don't know what you're talking about?

KATHY: Kiod's right for once. I suggest you take extra English lessons so you can express yourself more betterer.

LEANCY A KIP

My pals make fun of me 'cause I'd rather sleep than try to chat up boys. How can I let them know that they're being cruel?

—Smelly, Plops.

KATHY: They're not being cruel! You deserve it! Don't you realise how important it is for you to spend time worrying about your personal relationships? We'd be out of a job if you didn't!

KLOD: And Kathy would have to go back to selling thermal underwear for a living!

KATHY: That's a lie, you nasty creep! I've always been a serious journalist! I'll fix you...

KLOD: How! Take off those boxing gloves or I'll hit you with this frying-pan!

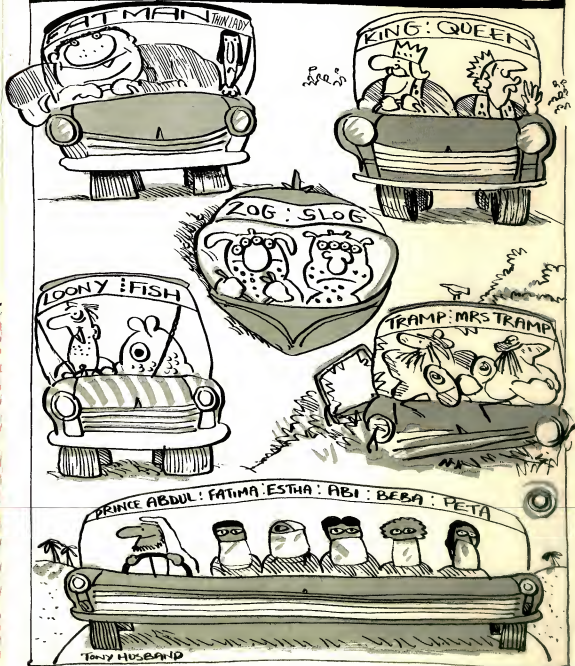
KATHY: Oh, yeah? Just try it...

AAGB: KLOD: OW! OOF!

KATHY: AAGB!

KATHY AND KLOD WILL BE BACK WITH MORE ADVICE ON HOW TO SOLVE PROBLEMS PEACEFULLY AND SENSIBLY WHEN THEY GET OUT OF HOSPITAL!

LOVE BUGGIES



BILLY BANG

THE CRAZY KID WHO EXPLODES WHEN HE'S ANGRY!

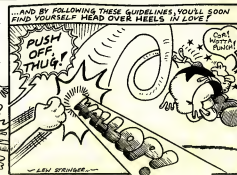
GRRR! I HATE VALENTINE'S DAY!



BE MY VALENTINE, BILLY! WHEN I SEE YOU, MY HEART GOES...



WOW! BILLY, YOU'RE DYNAMITE! ONE KISS AND I FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING IN AIR!



ALL THESE SLOPPY, CISSY WALLIES PRANCING ABOUT FULL OF ROMANCE!



OH NO! HERE COMES SLUSHY SALLY! SHE'S A TOTAL EMBARRASSMENT!



THE HEIR TO CASTLE WIGFALL

by Anna Setic

Episode 654 of our historical romance.

• THE STORY SO FAR •

Anna Plebston has taken a job as nanny to the thirteen children of Lord Wigfall. Although she has only been employed for three minutes, Anna can already feel herself failing for the brooding, enigmatic Lord, who seems to hide the memory of a haunting tragedy beneath his facade of foul temper and mindless violence. Now read on....

My, the little darlings are in high spirits today, thought Anna, as she ran across the playroom to prevent Sebastian and Jeremy pulling the legs off the family's pet moose. Barely had she rescued the distraught animal, by gently knocking the exuberant twins unconscious with a handy bed-warming pan, than she had another crisis to cope with. Behind the tapestry in the far corner, Sally and Jemima, the mischievous younger girls, were performing a Voodoo ritual involving human sacrifice, and were playfully brandishing large sabres at their baby brother Henry.

Crisis was averted, however, by the entrance of Lord Wigfall, who addressed the children in his usual fatherly manner. 'You foul brats are dismissed!' he barked. 'Leave your childish amusements and get outside and lick the portaculis clean!'

He herded them out of the door with kicks and oaths, playfully tossing any stragglers out of the window to land in the moat below.

'I desired a word with you, Anna,' said Lord Wigfall when the brats had left. His brooding eyes pierced hers with a long brooding glance. 'For long minutes now, I have felt a strange warmth towards you growing in my breast. I thought at first it was indignation, but now I realise that ... I am in love with you, girl!'

'Blimey,' Anna breathed breathlessly.



'I would ask you to marry me,' he went on, 'but there is something that may come between us. It is time you knew of the haunting tragedy that haunts me. It concerns my first wife, the mother of my relatives...er, children, who died last year.' (Anna had wondered why she had not seen Lady Wigfall around the castle. Anna had assumed that the Lady had popped out to the shops).

Lord Wigfall continued ... 'My wife died in tragic circumstances. We were driving in a horse and carriage ... I drove too fast ... the carriage hit a bump ... she was pitched headlong into the bushes ... and ... was unfortunately eaten by a lion recently escaped from the zoo.' His voice became a little hoarse. 'Whinney, whinney,' he sobbed.

'And now you blame yourself for the tragedy, and feel that you dare not marry again, lest your new wife suffers a similar mishap?' queried Anna.

'Oh, no, I couldn't care less about that. I hated my wife

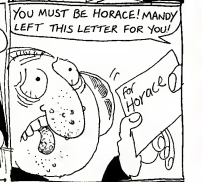
anyway. It's just that the shock of the accident ... he went on, putting his hand to the curly black locks that tumbled over his forehead ... and lifting them off! ... made all my hair fall out! Can you love a man who has been living a lie, Anna?'

The world spun around, and Anna fell into a dead swoon.



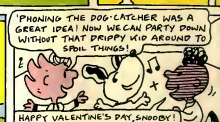
THE SECRET IS OUT! CAN ANNA LIVE WITH A HAIRLESS HEIR? CAN THEY SMOOTH OVER THE PROBLEM, OR MUST THEY PART? COMB YOUR NEWSAGENT'S FOR OUR NEXT HAIR-RAISING ISSUE!

HORACE (ugly face) WATKINS



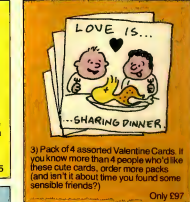
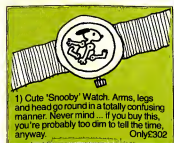
PEABRAINS

featuring "Good ol' Charlie Blob" by Sludge



OFFICIAL 'PEABRAINS' MERCHANDISE!

IDEAL CUTESY-PIE GIFTS FOR YOUR VALENTINE!



FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!

SEND NO MONEY NOW! PEABRAINS MERCHANDISE IS FREE! VALUABLE! FUNNY! YOU'VE WON!

DOCTOR MOONEY'S LOVE TIPS!

① TO GET THE DESIRED RESPONSE FROM A GIRL, YOU MUST MAKE HER FEEL LOVED AND WANTED. MAKE THEM FEEL SPECIAL... THEN POP THE QUESTION! TRY THIS...

YOUR EYES ARE LIKE POOLS IN SPRING,
YOUR HAIR LIKE A FIELD OF GOLDEN CORN,
YOUR SKIN AS SMOOTH AS SILK...
LEND ME A FIVER!



② GIRLS SEEM TO BE ATTRACTED TO THE SMELL OF SWEAT - PROBABLY BECAUSE THIS GIVES THEM THE ILLUSION THAT THEIR MEN HAVE BEEN DOING A HARD DAY'S WORK!

COINCIDENTAL ADVERT.

51p



③ GIRLS HAVE A TENDENCY TO PLAY IT COOL AND PRETEND THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED YOU! I USUALLY FIND IT HELPS TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION IN A CASUAL, YET FIRM WAY! LIKE SO...



④ HERE'S A GOOD TIP - SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!

GET LOST!

ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU FALL FOR THIS ONE...

HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU, YOU LOOK LIKE HARRISON FORD?

I'M NOT SURPRISED!

WHY, NO!

WHY, NO!



GIRLS CAN BE CRUEL SOMETIMES... OBSERVE...

HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU, YOU LOOK LIKE A FILM STAR? NO! WHO?

E.T.!



DOCTOR MOONEY'S LOVE POEM
ROSES ARE RED,
VIOLETS ARE BLUE,
YOU'RE AN UGLY MUG...
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO!



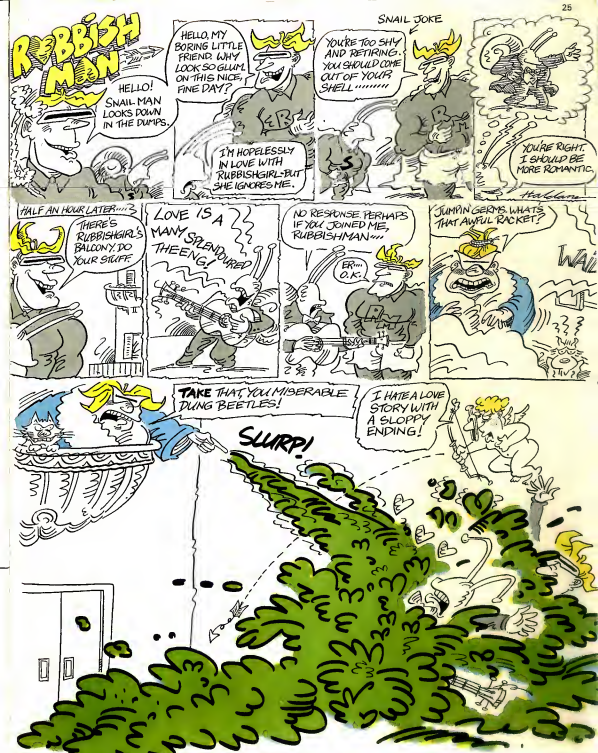
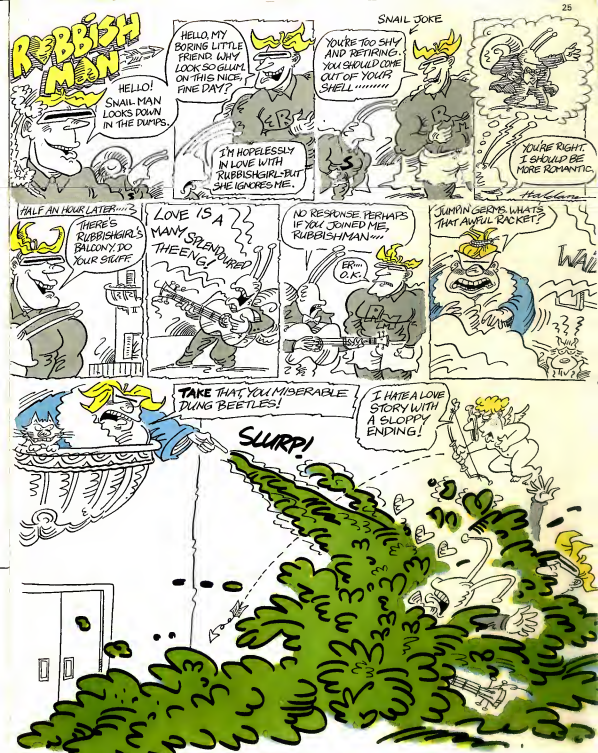
BARRINGTON BOSS

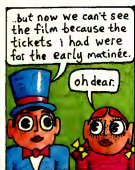
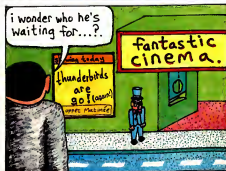
HE'S INCREDIBLY POSE



ACTION SQUIRE

BOBBIE DOLL





THIS IS A 'CRIMEWATCH' BUTCHER-SPECIAL EMERGENCY UPDATE. JIMMY "THE CLEVER" SMITH HAS BEEN SEEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND THE SMELL OF STREAKY BACON IS ON HIS HANDS. HE IS TOTALLY COMMITTED TO HIS EVIL WARPED "MISSION" OF CONVERTING THE POPULACE INTO PORK MINCE. THIS MORNING, HE SENT A SAUSAGE ROLL TO A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER...





CALLING ALL CARS!
BE ON THE LOOK OUT
FOR HEATHCLIFF!



EXCUSE ME! HAVE YOU SEEN HEATHCLIFF?

NO, I CERTAINLY HAVE NOT! CLEAR OFF, YOU LOONY!

NO, I CERTAINLY
HAVE NOT! CLEAR
OFF, YOU LOONY!

RUSSELL GRUNT'S LOVE HOGOSCOPES

Hello, my lovelies. The world of love and romance is wild and unpredictable, but astrology can help (a 'strology' is a kind of big stick used for hitting wild and unpredictable people). Failing that, you could consult the stars ...

LEO THE LIAR
(July 23 – Aug 23)
You'll meet someone stunningly attractive and rich, and have a beautiful romance with them. They'll buy you a yacht, a car, a tropical holiday and a sweet factory. Then you'll wake up and find yourself married to a Cabbage.

BERKO THE BERK
(Aug 24 – Sep 23)
You're so dim that only a 'Norman the Cabbage' would go out with you.

NORMAN THE CABBAGE
(Nov 23 – Dec 21)
You two-timing creep. You will be
thrown in jail for bigamy.

ALL OTHER STAR-SIGNS
Nobody loves you because you are so mean. Your luck might change if you send all your money to a deserving cause, e.g. The Russell Grunt Rest Home for Overweight Astrologers, Box 64.



STUPID CURIDE

